

The Great Pretender

I was pretending to be interested in that back then, and it somehow led me to a storytellers' conference off City Line Avenue. One guy was a revolutionary soldier or something. Acting it. Pretty vague, my recall... I think it was really my wife's shit.

I was pretending to be married back then. No, not queer. If I was that I'd pretend to be that.

I pretended to be interested in a job back then, too, and interested in the endless drivel of meetings. And pretending to keep my immediate boss on keel. He was crazy, so it was an act of charity keeping him employed. Or pretending to.

Have I stopped? Stopped what?